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Why It's Called Dystopia



49 4 6

Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

Because Utopia would be a very boring subject to write about.

Chapter 2 by -



The people had tried so hard to stop it. No one wanted another war. And yet it came. Worse than before. With it came hunger, thirst, disease, floods, tornadoes, hurricanes, earthquakes, and most feared of all - Death.

The man who brought all the destruction was hated. There wasn't one person that wouldn't have murdered him if they'd had the chance. But he didn't live here. He lived on another planet. No one knew how, but he could control Earth from Mars.

Once a week, he put out a ten minute broadcast about his progress throughout the world. And then, that was it. Another week would go by without anyone being able to stop what he did.

Chapter 3 by BaconHeart



The Nations of the world came together and discovered the solution to all their problems. Take all of the pestilence, pollution, and atomic bombs in the world and send them to Mars! The only question was how...

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Obviously, they weren't going to be able to (or fall). The person they picked would have to be very special yet keep a facade of normalcy so future generations could idolize them without becoming discouraged about their own lives. They also weren't about to

pick someone who was in any way qualified, that would be just silly. But whoever they delegated this duty off to, they would do it, because they were the chosen one.

Chapter 4 by BaconHeart



Bob used to live a casual suburban life. Every morning he woke up, got dress, and ate his government allotted portion of bacon and egg substitute. Then he would get in his car and drive to the Almighty Starbucks drive thru and order his overpriced cafe Au lait. He would always be at work at exactly 8:00 a.m. Bob's job was not something worth writing about. He wasn't quite sure what he did actually. All he did was take the envelopes from one side of the building, and he would push them into a slot on the other side. He saw nothing of what was in them, in fact, after he saw some power floating in one he decided that he didn't want to know. All he would see all day was the company logo. L.I.V.E inc. He didn't know what the name stood for, only it was backward because PR thought "it was too obvious," or something like that. All Bob knew or cared about was that this job paid way more than enough to keep the lights on and since he got it no one close to him had been affected by all that end of the world crap. His job was boring but he liked it and had no plan of leaving.

Which is why he was surprised when he woke up in a concrete cell.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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